(CONCLUDED.) "Give me some brandy, landlord," rang out a strong, calm voice at his elbow.

Lord Creighton wheeled around and saw

Rolfe leaning nonchalantly against the bar, regarding him with a mocking, insolent "Well, my lord," said Rolfe, "have you

ome to apologize for your impudent behavior at the manor-house?"

Even if Lord Creighton had been a mild-tempered man, he could not have endured this. The social gulf between a person of quality and a redemptioner was wide and deep, and for the latter to assume any haughtiness of mien toward the former was of itself intolerable insolence. Rolfe's every look and tone that day had been a maddening insult to Lord Creighton. With swollen veins, a blood-red face and limbs that shook with passion, he hurled himself on Rolfe, taken on his flank, and while still in his lounging attitude, was nearly overthrown. If Creighton was in a hot rage, Rolfe was in a cold, malignant one that was more dan-gerous because it did not strike blindly. Mere fisticuss was too small a thing for Lord ent. Drawing a hunting-knife, he cut at one of Rolfe's ears, but his unsteady hand made a long gash across Rolfe's temple. That was offense ugh. Crash went the brandy bottle over my lord's head, and there was a splatter of glass and blood. The jagged remnant that was left in Rolfe's hand again descended on my lordship's head and face, cutting long, deep gashes. There was a shout of horror and a tumultuous rush for the combatants. Impeded too much to use his weapon, Rolfe gashes. There was a shout of horror relinquished it and clenched his hands on reighton's throat, while kicks and blows rained on him from behind. The English bull-dog showed the mettle of his breed; his grip was not broken until his senses left him, and when my lordship was lifted up he was black in the face and senseless. In those days such cruelties as bull-baiting

lovely, her ripe beauty now was dazzling; and Rolfe felt his cheeks glow at the sight of

formed the universal dress on the frontier, for a fine gentleman's dress, except that he wore his own hair instead of a wig; and his clothing, although fashionably cut, was plainer in color and ornamentation than customary. wore costs of velvet waistcosts of sating trimmed with gold or silver lace, with long flaps reaching nearly to the knees, knee breeches of satin or velvet plush, and silk stockings tighly stretched over the calves of and bear-baiting were popular sports, and their legs; or, if riding, high boots with large

party, to most of whom he was known, surveyed him rather coldly until Miss Craydocke gave him a cordial salutation, when, with the friendliness which was the characteristic tone of Maryland manners, they, too, welcomed Captain Rolfe, with the exception of one elaborately dressed gentleman, who, after a supercilious stare, turned stiffly away. Rolfe recognized his old antagonist, Lord Creighton. Miss Craydocke was nothing to him now. Why, then, should be feel that him now. Why, then, should he feel that sharp twinge? He exerted himself to repel the fascination that was again fastening it-self upon him; but he felt that the struggle would be hard. If Edith as a girl had been

The lady's tact smoothed away all embarrassments. The new post road, her father's importation of an English hunter for her use, the last races at Mariboro, the fire at her use, the last races at Mariboro, the fire at the Adair mansion since he had left, and such like neighborhood gossip, was poured out for her guest's entertainment. And, meanwhile, her eyes would glance at Rolfe with an evident pleasure that did not escape Lord Creighton's notice. Rolfe had greatly improved in manner and appearance sinc In coming down to mingle in the polite society of Southern Maryland he had wisely discarded the loose frock and cape which

tops inclosing the knees. Captain Rolfe's suit of fine dark

men's feelings were obtuse to pain and suffering in others. The attack upon Rolfe had been merciless, and his bruised, swollen and cut face presented a horrible spectacle, while his whole body was sore with the beat-ing he had received. He had received several rrible contused wounds on the scalp ; but, thanks to a tough, hard skull, the brain was unhart and his mind was active in its conbed. There was some matter for cheerfulness and content for him in the events of Christmas Day. Although he had not killed Lord Creighton, he had marked him for life. As for Miss Craydocke, he thought of her with loathing and contempt.

CHAPTER II.

THE PINISH. . It was now nearly two years since John Rolfe had left Sinneput Manor, poor and un-placed in the world. Now he could return to t prosperous and with some repute as a leader of men. After he had settled in the backwoods of Frederick county and had had time to digest his spleen, he wrote to Mr. Cray-docke asking furgiveness for his presumption in addressing the language of love to Miss Craydocke, and expressing the warm grati-tude he really felt toward his kind patron. Mr. Craydocke, although highly pleased with the letter, soon mislaid it. His daughter looked and rummaged through his papers for it with great seal, but could not find it. If he had looked through her papers he would have found it, with the tears upon it. The matter passed by and nothing was said of it until ter, suffering more and more from sments in which he, like many others of his class, felt through the pernic-ions credit system that prevailed in the manement of tobacco plantations, one day thed out a heartfelt wish that he had Rolfe by him to unravel his accounts and see that the rescal factor had not cheated him. Subtle Miss Edith was doubtful of the propriety of ng for him at first, but in the end said: Well, dear father, we must overlook his one offense in consideration of his long good be-havior. I hear he hath become a man of some note and consideration-in the Western

Christmas with us, out of regard for his for-mer faithful service, and then you can ask his counsel."

In those days, when the Conestoga wagon or the bay-pinnace was the principal passenger car. traveling was a slow business; and Rolfe started a fortnight before Christmas, in order to make certain of arriving at Sinneput Manor betimes. Arriving at Baltimore in the night of the second day, he had to wait a couple of days for a pinnace going up the Patuxent. They had had weather and untoward winds, and did not reach the upper waters until a few days before Christmas. A portion of the cargo was for the manor, and the wagons sent for it received his portmantan, while he rule ahead on house such. While riding through the country, Rolfe was struck with the evidence of slovenly husbandry and unthrift. Large tracts of land had been exhausted by constant to bacco crossing; and the "old fields," as they was called, grow up in eachs, pine and

blue cloth was elegantly made, although sparingly embroidered; and, with his cocked hat resting on his light hair, his athletic figure and fair complexion were set off to advantage.

Mr. Craydocke, who had always been fond of Rolfe, and did not hesitate to show it when

the maintenance of social distinctions was not at stake, received him cordially, and heaved a sigh of relief when he had unburdened himself of his business troubles, and began to receive the benefit of Rolfe's knowledge of affairs. Rolfe was not long domiciled before he learned some interesting bits of news. After the fight at the tavern, Lord Creighton, as soon as he was able to get about, left for Annapolis, making a cold and rmal leave-taking. He went back to England, and had returned to the province only about six months ago, and since then had Edith. After being defeated in one of those sieges in which he thought himself irresisti-ble, he had eventually fallen under the dominion of a genuine passion, and was now making a fair and open struggle to obtain Miss Edith's hand in marriage, but the young lady seemed to care less for him than ever. This information, which he gathered by bits, gave Rolfe plenty of matter for thought. He was amazed that he could have ever har-

bored the suspicions he did in regard to files Craydocke's relations with Lord Creighton, and thought of his conduct with bitter remorse. If only there were some way in which he could show his contrition and humility! As to ever again entertaining any hopes of her regard, he did not think of it for a moment. He could not bear to contemplate the idea of preparing for himself such another terrible humiliation as he had before sustained. He would do what he could to assist his former patron, he would extract what pleasure he could from his stay, and he would go back to Western Maryland and try to forget all sentimental woes in the ex-citements and activities of his life there. So the man proposed; but the woman dis-

A party of English visitors from Annapo-lis were to be entertained at the manor on lis were to be entertained at the manor on Christmas Day, and the neighboring gentry were coming over to meet them. Although there was to be a grand ball on Christmas night at the manor-house, yet, for the entertainment of the English visitors, there was to be a fox-hunt in the afternoon. Our robust ancestors could endure such fatigues. They could ride thirty miles in a fox-hunt, put up at the nearest mansion, and be cordially welcome, and spend the night in dancing or at the card table. On the afternoon of the day before Christmas the Annapolis party arrived, the ladies of the party in coach and four, before Christmas the Annapolis party arrived, the ladies of the party in coach and four, with liveried outriders. And now all was bustle at the manor-house, and its long, one-story wings and its out-buildings. Servants scampered up and down the stairs, and the cook developed into an autocrat that it would have been dangerous for the Caar himself to meddle with. Old Maryland houses that were there twenty persons were never full, were there twenty persons for each room. It was a wonder how the ladies, packed together as they were, had space to get up those monstrosities of co-tume and hair dressing which the fashion of the day required. Was it to give her guests more room that Miss Edith had come down the day of the more room that Miss Edith has to stairs in the dusk of the evening, befor per was ready, and was it to revive her in the bracing evening air that sh

per was ready, and was it to revive her frame in the bracing evening air that she had wrapped her cloak about her and come out in the cold porch?

Captain John Bolfe was walking up and down in the shate of the long porch, preferring its chill seclusion to the noise and bustle within. He was thinking of the events of a Christmas Eve three years ago. Miss Craydocke gave a start of surprise at seeing him.

"I felt maker faint," she explained, "and hought I'd come out for a breath of fresh it."

Some conversation followed, but it was marked by effort, and there were pauses of a length unusual where Miss Craydocke was. For once in her life, at least, Miss Edith knew what cowardice was, but she gathered up her faculties and began the attack. "It is just three years ago since you handed me that beautiful poem of yours."

Rolfe confronted her in a moment, shame-faced and apologetic. He hoped that Miss Edith would forgive the fully and presumption of his conduct then. He had often been deeply chagrined thinking of it, etc., etc.

Oh no, indeed, it was she that must ask forgiveness. And then she made her speech on no, indeed, it was she that must see forgiveness. And then she made her speech—how she had often reproached herself for her meanness, how she had—oh, so bitterly!—regretted that she should have replied with such rudeness to an honest offer of affection.

she said in a tone of innocent curiosity.
"I loved you madly!" said Rolfe with fer-

"I loved you madly!" said Rolfe with fervor and emphasis.
"And now you look back upon that feeling as a folly, and deride it. How men's natures change when they go out into the world!"
Rolfe broke down. "God help me," he groaned, "I love you more madly than ever. Forgive my presumption, Miss Edith," he hastily went on; "it shall not trouble you. I shall soon be away from here in the West, and I shall never offend you more."
"You have not offended me. Captain

and I shall never offend you more.

"You have not offended me, Captain
Rolfe," she said in a sweet, low voice.
Rolfe could not speak, for he could only retain his composure by keeping silent. He leaned against the railing and looked at the ruddy windows in the out-buildings, and lis-tened to the merry din that floated on the

, "Let me see the scar on your temple that Lord Creighton made," said Miss Craydocke

abruptly.

He stooped over so that she might see it in the light. She laid a gentle hand on his shoulder, and yet he trembled under it, looked at the scar with a little compassionat coo and kissed it. If the soft, dewy tou coo and Rissed it. If the son, dowy souch had been a coal of fire he could not have started more violently. He caught her up in his arms. "Oh, oh!" she said, feeling a delicious shudder at the awful situation, "you hurt me!"

a fact, but to produce an effect. The effect was instantaneous. He immediately released her, and stood before her abashed and full of

"There, that will do," said she, smiling and checking him with a touch of her hand on her arm. "Now, tell me, how would your wife have to live?"

Hope and rapture were in her words. Honest John Rolfe told his tale in a plain, unvarnished way. He described the simple style of living in the Western wilds, the social customs and manners, concealing none of the things that she would be likely to find novel and trying, and concluded with fervent assurances that it would be his constant and nighest object in life to make her happy. Earnestness of feeling gave dignity and el quence to his speech.

She listened with intentness, and when he had finished she put her hand in his and said simply: "I will trust you. Take me

He raised her hand to his lips and then impulsively caught her in his arms. She meekly resigned herself for a blissful moment. Then extricating herself, she said: "How shall we manage our departure?"
"Why, what do you mean! Will I have
to carry you off by stealth?" he said, indig-

"You know my father will never co to my marriage with you," said she, with some hauteur of manner. Could it be that the impassioned lover of three years back had grown worldly since, and was thinking

of her dowry?

And then the pride of the man blazed up.

What, come back to the house of his friend and benefactor, and steal his daughter like a thief! No; he would go to Mr. Craydocke and tell him that, in aspiring to his daugh-ter's hand again, he had the assurance of her love. If Mr. Craydocke refused him ther he would get her in spite of them all.

"You forget that I am not yet of age."

But argument availed nothing. Rolfe was
determined to have his own way, and Edith loved and admired him for it. She was rushed, but she liked it.

Edith was correct in her surmise as to the ng, as soon as Rolfe had made his stateme of affairs to him, Mr. Craydocke came storming at her wrathfully, demanding to kno the meaning of the outrageous assertion that that audacious fellow had made. Lifting her eyebrows and looking up in great sur-prise, she said: "Why, father, what did he my to you?"

Mr. Craydocke spluttered it out. "Why, he must be crazy!" she said, with an air of great astonishment.
"Crazy! He's stark, staring mad! But my house is no place for lunatics. He must get

out of here."
Then she began her cajoleries. She piti the poor fellow. There was nothing danger-ous about him, and it would be cruel to turn him out of the house before all the guests. He would leave in a day or two anyho they need never see him again, &c. Of course, she had her own way. But this was



only a part of her triumph, for a little while later she had the satisfaction of shaking her finger at Rolfe, and saying: "Now, sir; what did I tell you! See what you have gotten by

not minding me."

Rolfe did not est much at the long Christmas dinner that day, and was rather tacturn. Miss Edith was, however, brilliant, vivacious and charming to an unusual degree. The feathers in her powdered hair were kept in a constant futter, and the facets of the insule in her next around her next. of the jewels in her cars, around her neck, and in her stomacher were turned in every way to the light. After dinner she managed

qualities, had intended him for himself; but there was no gainsaying anything done by this imperious young lady. It was not far to cover; the dogs promptly gave tongue and were soon in full cry, and off went the party, full of the giorious excitement of the fox hunt. Although mounted on the finest horse in the field, and usually ambitious of the lead, Mise Edith lagged, and Captain Rolfs also maintained an easy pace. They gradually drew away from the rest of the field toward the right, until a considerable distance separated them from the rest of the party. In the excitement of the hunt they might have perhaps slipped away unobserved, had not the jealous eye of Lord Creighton roved around in search of them. Lashing his horse, he closed with Mr. Craydocke's thoroughbred and shouted: "There lies your around in search of them. Lashing his horse, he closed with Mr. Craydocke's thoroughbred and shouted: "There lies your real chase," pointing to Rolfe and Miss Craydocke. "That fellow's cloping with your daughter.'s Craydocke took in the situation at once "I'll give ten hogsheads of tobacco to the man who knocks that fellow from his borse," he shouted, and whipping his horse, started in pursuit, followed by the whole company.

more interested in the running down of this new game that had been started than in the brush of the fox. The chase was an exciting one, for there were some good horses in the company.
Rolfe looked back with uneasiness several
times; but when he glanced at the fair form
at his side and saw the sparkling eyes and
the fearless smile of his dear love, his bosom
swelled with pride and confidence. Lord Creighton came to grief early; the Maryland horse was a better long-distance goer than a jumper, and forcing his horse to take a fence in his stride, the animal failed to clear it and

threw him. The only real risk of capture which the fleeing lovers met with was when several of the force of wood rangers, who in those times used to be maintained for the apprehension of horse thieves and runaway servants, happened to come down the road into which Rolfe and Miss Craydocke had gotten. The pursuers motioned them to intercept the fugitives, and they made a movement of that sort, when Rolfe's voice rang out to them a tone of command as sharp as the crack of a rifle. There was a moment of indecision; it was enough—the lovers were past. Captain was enough—the lovers were past. Captain Rolfe, after crossing the Severn at the ferry, smashed the boat, so as to prevent the pur-suers from getting across, and when Mr. Craydocke saw his daughter she was Mrs.

The bitterness which Craydocke felt over the affair was assuaged by time and eventu ally he became proud of his son-in-law When Rolfe was one of the prominent mem queened it in Annapolis society. When the war broke out and Captain Rolfe, without waiting for the action of the State government

The Mexican climate is medicionously beautiful, and that is why people hunger for lively diversions, for example, bull fighting, which is still the rage here to the extent of three crowded rings every Sunday afternoon, with an occasional week-day night "corrida" by the light of electric lamps. On the hactendae, where life is very quiet and the manager and his family must enjoy themselves somehow, the amateur buil fighter is now all the go. Some of these contests are the funniest things imaginable. There is risk enough to performers to make things interesting to them and also to the spectators, and the bull, not contending with professionals, has some chance for displaying his own prowess. The other day there was an amateur bull last on an astate forty miles from this say, to which ecceptually men were invited from enough our productive charre costumes, all behavior with alliers and ornamented with testions of the same material. To one of the city visitors, a thin man, was delegated the work of arranging the ring, which was made of carts in which the spectators were to sit. The thin man arranged the carts in a circle, giving room for himself to pass between the vehicles, the idea being to let the amateur performers have a chance to escape should the bull be too lively for them.

The afternoon of the performance came, and all the haclenda people and the city visitors climbed into the carts, one cart being occupied by young men who, with short sticks in hand, affected to be the musicians of the grand taurine tournament. They whistled national airs and balled pieces, going through many manipulations of the grand taurine tournament. They whistled national airs and balled pieces, going through many manipulations of the grand taurine tournament. They whistled national airs and balled pieces, going through many manipulations of the grand taurine tournament, and added much to the fun of the whole affair. By and by the bull, a smart young steer, was driven into the ring. The occupants of the carts, the steer rushed after

the openings between the carts, as arranged by his thin friend, would not permit an escape. It was now a question of staying in the ring and getting badly gored or vaulting the line of carts. The gored or vaulting the line of carts. The occupants of the vehicles were wild with fun to see the steer rushing and lunging at the panting fat hacendado, who finally, as by a miracle, jumped a cart and escaped his bovine foe.

Next, a lively city visitor, dressed in his finest, essayed to show his points as an amateur bull fighter. He entered the ring amid appliance.

a smart rush around the ring. But, alas! tie bull suddenly stopped in his mad flight, and the city youth found himself flung facedown into the soft and dirty mud of the ring. The young

mud of the ring. The young bull, satisfied with this measure of victory over his tormentor, magnanimously let him off without further punishment. Next some one else tried the bull circus business, and cat the lively wound half and got the lively young bull so wild that he made a leap for the cart in which the amateur musicians were whistling and capering with their dummy instruments. The scene was one for Puck. Every man of them in the cart proceeded to tumble out

d a rare felicity, and founded a family ing the most honored in Maryland. A Dog Leaves His Card for Another Ca-

How a California Sharper Paid the Gu "Yes," said a chipper, as he looked wist fully at the exhausted tobacco from which the last vestige of nicotine had been queezed out, "Yes, things is changed They're tryin' to sell that old mine in the East. They can't do it. They hain't got the genius."

marched a company

Frederick county to General Washing

ton's camp at Cambridge, Mass., she, too devoted her energies to the patriot cause with

a seal and devotion that made her illustrious

among the women of the Revolution. They

FLOATING A MINE.

Western riflemen from

"Genius!" said another. "There sin't an ounce of metal in the whole lode." "What's that got to do with it?" "Well, I should say it had a good deal to do with it."

"I had a good deal of money at one time, pardner, before I——"

"Oh, shut up on that. You've told us that a thousand times."

"Well, I floated a mine. Sold it, by gosh, for \$50,000, and it hadn't a bit of ore anywhere about it."

"Get out!"

"I did: you bet I did.

"Get out!"
"I did; you bet I did; and I made just \$18,750—half my share of the profit, barring some few expenses.
"How!"
"I guaranteed that as it stood it would pay ten per cent. dividends every month for twelve months. I guaranteed that.

"Yes, I see."
"Well, I got my \$50,000. I put \$12,000 in the bank to pay my dividends for a year, an' I kept my word."
"An' then?"
"Well, I hadn't guaranteed any more, had I? The mine, unfortunately, of course, petered out then."—Hen Francisco.

Chronicia.

HE POPROT ONE.

A stranger who was along the d A stranger who was along the docks looking for a job fell into the river at the foot of First street the other day, and a clerk in a warehouse who saw him tumble was quickly on hand to fling him a life-preserver and help him out. The man sat down on a barrel, his teeth chattering and his body shaking, and the clerk furriefly pulled out his wallet and began looking over a lot of papers.

"What is it?" asked one of the crowd, "What is it?" asked one of the crowd, "Why. Two get a newmaner slip here.

hy, Pre got a new quaper all

ring amid applause from the spectators, cut a few capers with the bull, and ended by vaulting upon the animal's back, and, holding on by the herns, had

on the off side, and they got to the ground in a confused heap. It was agreed all around, after all was over, that the lively steer had shown himself worthy of the steel of a Mazzantini or a Ponciano Diaz.

The other afternoon, at one of the great city rings, a built got, a Derby hat, flung into the ring, over his eyes, and made a most ludicrous exhibition rushing blindly around.—Boston Herald.

FIDO CALLS ON HECTOR.

nine at the White House. A veracious gentleman who was on the street in front of the White House this morning noticed a small, well-kept blackand-tan dog coming across the street from Lafayette Square with a card in his mouth. A short distance behind was a well-dressed lady, who addressed the dog by the name of Fido, and who was plainly the owner of the intelligent canine. Pido tried to get between the iron pickets of the White House fence, when the lady called to him:

"Not there, Fido; go to the gate and up the walk." "Not there, Fido; go to the gate and up the walk."

The dog seemed to understand the speech and took the route recommended by his mistress, still carrying the card in his mouth. The lady followed him into the grounds and about half way up the circular walk. "Go up the steps, Fido," she pleasingly said, "and leave your card for Hector," and she stood there till the dog carried out her instructions to the letter and returned to her side without the card. When Hector, the famous canine pet of the first lady of the land, returns from Oak View to-morrow morning he will find that he has missed the society of an intelligent visitor.—Chacinatic Enquirer.

At Washington six sailors from the Dale were detailed to assist in arranging Dale were detailed to assist in arranging the flags loaned by the Navy Department for the decoration of the Congregational Church for the Grand Army reunion. On reaching the church in the morning they found that one of the officers of the church had spread one of the flags along the size. "Who put that flag down there?" angrily asked the leader of the saliors. "Mr. —," anid a bystander, "to save the carpet." "It has got to come up. You may be good Christians here, but you are poor Americans. Come aboard the Dale, and you will see every hat taken off as that emblem comes down." The flag came up.

dependently of each other, while the state of the state o

A State sensior in West Virginia who only attended the extra session for six days has declined to accept more than six days' pay. It took a great deal of trouble to convince the treasurer that he was not joking, but he succeeded in doing so at last.

TOASTED OR DRIED LEAVES.

young lady: "Pray, Mr. Blank, what is your business?" His reply was: "I am an importer of dried leaves." The answer pussled the young lady, but, not desiring to show her ignorance, she dropped the subject. Now, this facetious Mr. Blank was really an importer of teas, and when he stated that he dealt in "dried leaves" he was correct, for the tea in its pure state is nothing more or less than dried leaves, or rather was until the Chinaman, under orders from his European customers began to face polish and color each particular eaf with Gypsum, Indigo and Prussian Blue. Who can say for this treatment that tea is simply dried leaves? But the trouble is the consumer has become so used to associating a fine appearance with a good quality that when the "dried leaves" in their natural state are offered to him they are rejected because of their homely appearance.

It was, therefore, an innovation of old customs when Messrs. Martin Gillet & Co., ten years ago, attempted to introduce tes in its natural condition and without the usual adulterations. They called it He-No, that all may recognise it, and packed it in packages con-veniently small for household uses and started it a lonely traveler of a new road. What has been the result? At first laughed at by competitors in business, and now that success is assured and it is an es-tablished fact that the people really prefer a pure tea, hundreds of imitators crowd the way with imitations more in name than in reality, but which in themselves are strong evidences of the great popularity that He-No Tea has gained; for who would imitate anything but the best?

has done some good" even if it maintained has only opened the eyes of the public to the abuses, for even these imitations are better than the old style of Prussian Blue and

Mark Twain says in "Roughing It:" "Only give the editor a subject, and his work is done; it is no rouble to write it up, but fa how you would feel if you had to p your brains dry every day in the week fifty-two weeks in the year. It makes one low-spirited

to think of it." Unlike Mr. Twain, we have but one subject, and to continually write upon this one subject to make it sufficiently interesting for you to read it is no easy matt and if you do not read it it does not pay us to publish the adver-tisement, and when we think that we have "pumped" ourselves out, as Mark Twain says, we will stop, but tea gives us so great an incen tive to write that we do not think

that the end is yet. We want you to try a particular we want you to try a particular kind of tea in which we are very much interested, for we believe if we succeed in interesting you and converting you by telling you the truth a large business will follow, a business that will not refollow, a business that will array quire the expensive means of carry ing it on that other tees demand; in, a word, if you like He-No Tee, you will like it so well that you will indist upon your grocer keeping it in stock for you. Thus He-No Tea will be a stlent drummer that costs

nothing.

We have been telling you a great many things about He-No Tea, hoping that ourlosity or some other motive would induce you to buy one package—there we stop. These advertisements are intended for the unconverted. If He-No Tea is not good our telling you so after you have tried it will not make you like it. We therefore urge you to investigate for yourself, and you may have reason to thank us one day for the truths we have told.

HOW TO GET HE-NO TEA. ere & DEALER, write to Martin GU

has since been assiduous in his ca-tions to him, and was at the jai he was released, so they left Ne-together. Blake recently signed a to abstain from all intexicating h and declared to the sheriff and of the jail his intention of leading spectable life. It will not be the fa-his devoted wife if he falls to adhe this laudable determination.— When

Inter-State Law

Was not necessitated in order to Insure

FAIR AND EQUITABLE

Treatment on the part

***BALTIMORE AND OHIO ★**

TOWARD THE PUBLIC.

if other lines required the creation of the

INTER-STATE COMMISSION

In order to keep them straight and compel them to

FAIR PLAY ALL AROUND

square deal, it is a good thing that this necessity has been realized and the great power of Congress in-

BALTIMORE AND

With its half-century's record of ABSOLUTE IMPARTIALITY, its unparalleled achievements in ADVANCING THE STANDARD OF AMERICAN RAILROADS and its UNQUESTIONED ATTITUDE as regards the demands of the traveling public has beyond dispute long stood at the very head in popular

estimation.
It is not altogether improbable that, in view of the financial euc-

LIBERAL POLICY OF THE B. & O.,

Our National Legislators, in enacting the inter-State Commerce Law, were alming to impress this object lesson upon the attention of other railway managers and teach them that the way to prosperity and public favor was through the hope of reaching the standard of the sterling old company, which has so long led the way and merits the proud distinction of being designated as THE MODEL LINE.

THE B. AND O.

Is still, however, the only line running Limited Express trains, without extra charge, from the Great Rivers and Lakes of the West over the Alleghanies to the Sea. In fact, it is THE ONLY LINE in the country running limited fast trains anywhere upon which the rule is strictly adhered to of not making an extra money rate for fast time. On the B. & O. the best that modern railroad progress can attain is a for the regular fare; and no thought of adding fancy figures. It is the only line between the East and the West via Washington, and the only line passing through the National Capital on route. It is the only line through the historic and famously beautiful Valley of the Potomac, with Harper's Ferry on route, and well indeed is it named

PICTURESQUE B. & O.

Ticket Agents everywhere furnish a tion, rates, etc., etc., and it is care to it neving of money to become peated the as to the advantages of the Baltimore for a trip anywhere between the East

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